THE GAMESTERS.

A Poem.

ADDRESSED

TO THE MAYOR OF Canterbury.

——Uter eſt inſanior horum? Hor.

By Edward Wilkinson, Surgeon.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for LEWIS and BEW, in PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCCLXXIV.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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FOR the better underſtanding the following POEM, it is neceſſary the Reader ſhould firſt peruſe a Pamphlet lately publiſhed at Canterbury, called the CITY PATRIOT, and a REPLY to it; which contain a Narrative of the Facts on which this Poem is founded: and at the Immorality of which the Satire is particularly pointed.

IF it needs an Apology; it may be ſufficient to ſay, that when Offenders againſt Virtue and Morality are daring enough to lay their Crimes, with their names ſubſcribed, before the eye of the Public, every Individual has then a reaſonable Right to paſs a public Cenſure.

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FOR the better understanding the following POEM, it is necessary the Reader should first peruse a Pamphlet lately published at Canterbury, called the CITY PATRIOT, and a KEY to it; which contain a Narrative of the Facts on which this Poem is founded: and at the Immorality particularly pointed.

ERRATA.
Page 11. l. 5. after *go*, add *for*.
Page 21. l. 5. for *play'd* read *play*.

If it needs any Apology; it may be sufficient to say, that when Offenders against Virtue and Morality are daring enough to lay their Crimes, with their names subscribed, before the eye of the Public; every Individual has then a reasonable right to pass a public Censure.

11631 g.7

THE GAMESTERS.

Lee: Warly, Canterbury.

WHEN vice corrupts a city, when misrule,
Protects each knave, and sanctifies each fool;
When love of gaming through all ranks is spread,
And cards are made the means of getting bread;
When magistrates, who should be wise and grave,
Can hold no other honors but the knave:
Say, shall this metropolitan, of old
Renown'd for stories wond'rous to be told,
Renown'd for sons whose glory 'twas to boast
A little band unconquer'd by a host?
Now while her Prelates slumber in their stalls,
And not a genius rouses in her walls,
Say, shall she want a valiant son that dares
To dash the gamester's cards about his ears,

To

To ſhame the gambling Prætor from his ſeat,
And laſh alike the little and the great?

George Frend
Woolen Draper
and Mercer
Mayor - - -

HAIL thou, who fill'ſt the magiſterial chair,
Whoſe high ambition 'twas to be a MAYOR;
To ſwagger, prattle, and to furniſh rules,
And ſtand the foremoſt in a court of fools!
Oh come along, leave ſtuffs and crapes behind,
Give grograms, ſilks, and ſattins to the wind;
Stay not to pauſe, but lay your meaſure down,
E'en though a gambler's wife ſhould want a gown.
Or, if engag'd at Whiſt—break off the play;
Throw trumps, and tricks, and honors all away;
Let honeſt ſatire lead your Worſhip forth,
And ſhew the world a remnant of your worth;
Smile ſtill propitious, though each friend of thine,
Each fool and knave, ſhould ſmart in ev'ry line.

Wm Francis Surgeon

SAY, who is he that leads the gaming crew?
Ah, ſon of Eſculapius, is it you!
Alas, what pity do your parents claim,
Who ſtrove to make you wiſe, but miſs'd their aim!
What time, what education has been loſt,
What care, what pains, what unavailing coſt!
Their hopeful ſon, their good deſign has marr'd,
Fair ſcience ſhuns, and doats upon a card.
Oh! had your ſire ſome humbler ſtate deſign'd,
And to his limekiln train'd your meaner mind,
Where honeſt labor had employed thoſe pow'rs
To gaming now devoted at all hours;
Haply thou ne'er the ſhameful art had'ſt got
Of CUTTING, SHUFFLING, TRICKING, and what not?
To ſay that F——— plays the beſt at Whiſt,
Tell me, young man, what mighty honor is't?
And what the purchaſe of this great employ?
Is it not this?—to blaſt each ſocial joy;

To

To baffle all that's in our nature kind;
To ſhut out every virtue from the mind,
Each friendly thought that glows from breaſt to breaſt;
Truth from our own, and truſt from all the reſt:
To ſtifle our Affections as they riſe,
And each compunction that would make us wiſe;
In ſhort, to barter all that we can find
To ſtrengthen and adorn the human mind;
All to become a diſſipated ſlave,
A worſhipper of *ace*, *king*, *queen*, and *knave!*
If this the honor—hence, go, haſte away,
And wiſh him joy who knows not how to play.
But you are maſter of the art, can win,
Two hundred pounds! nor think it any ſin,
Two hundred pounds! and from a Tradeſman too!
The more fool he—but more fool ſtill are you.
The man that loſes, if he much has loſt,
Is ſelf-condemn'd; his wit's perplex'd and croſt;

Impatient

Impatient of his lot, and on the rack,
He ſtill plays on in hopes to win it back.
Not ſo the winner; he purſues for gain,
And meanly triumphs in the loſer's pain;
Takes each advantage, and delights to ſee
His neighbour's grief, his neighbour's miſery.
And, if he be a genius great as you,
With niceſt art he CUTS and SHUFFLES too:
Do you not bluſh to hear it told around,
That—*Doctor F—— won two hundred pound*;
Won it of one he knew no more could have,
Than induſtry could earn, and prudence ſave?
Not for the wealth that both the Indies hold
Would I of me have ſuch a ſtory told.
For could I e'er have laps'd into the ſin,
And been the fool of fortune ſo to win,
My heart had known no ſenſe of joy, but pain,
Till I reſtor'd the ill-got wealth again.

For ſhame, retire, the gameſter's fame forego,
Warn'd by a muſe that's more a friend than foe.
Be cards diſcarded; ſtudy HOYLE no more;
Read each great antient, each great modern o'er:
Collect whate'er the ſages could deviſe
To make you uſeful, and to make you wiſe.
Take R—— into your friendſhip:—let us ſee
How pleaſant 'tis for two fools to agree;
Alike in all points, but in this alone,
That—he has feelings, Sir, and you have none.
But ah! he's here!——

Tho: Roch Cabinetmaker.

HAIL, hail, Hibernian boy!
Arrah, dear honey now, I wiſh you joy.
Now, by Saint Patrick, but you wear the willow!
Alas, poor Tom! "quantum mutatus ab illo!"
Where are the honors of that Iriſh face
So fam'd for effront'ry and ſly grimace?

Where

Where the laconic lear, ſarcaſtic ſmile,
And honey'd ſpeech that flow'd as ſmooth as oil?
Has gaming caus'd this melancholy fit,
And with your money have you loſt your wit?
Well, let it go, for you had ſome to ſpare,
And may be yet a better man than e'er.
Her gifts to thee kind nature freely gave,
With too much cunning not to be a knave;
With too much wit, not knowing wit to rule,
To paſs for wiſe, and not to play the fool.
Oh ſhame! Oh pity! that ſuperior parts
Should be diſgrac'd by mean and little arts;
That ſenſe and wit ſhould grow upon a ſoil
That's over run with craftineſs and guile.
Woe to the wit that taught you FIRST to game,
And LAST to loſe your fortune and your fame.
For who henceforth will take that Tradeſman's word
Who plays, and betts, and gambles like a Lord;

Loſes

Loſes his hundred guineas in a day,
Then, like a Lord, diſputes his right to pay?
Better retreat to Dublin, whence you came,
Unknown to fortune, and unknown to fame;
Better to trot in Tipperara's bogs
With tatter'd brogues, and half a pair of clogs,
Than ſtrut deſpis'd, yet impudently brave,
Where all you meet ſuſpect you for a knave.

COME then, my joy, dear Paddy, come along,
And take ſome comfort from this precious ſong:
Oh could it move you to repent the ſin,
T'were a good Iriſh trick—TO LOSE TO WIN.
But you have publiſh'd your defence and ſhame,
And to the CITY PATRIOT ſet your name:
A title that would juſt as well become
The hiſtory of TURPIN, or TOM THUMB.
There your next blunder is to wag your pen
Againſt a ſet of——HONORABLE MEN:

Who

Who ſhut you OUT—from ev'ry alehouſe club;
And, if they could, would ſhut you IN—a tub.
Why rail at thoſe who can ſo kindly do
The very thing that ſhould be done by you?
For you ſhould ſhun them as a neſt of evils,
A mob of White Boys, or a crew of devils.

And why make G—— the hero of the piece,
Why kill the beſt of the whole flock—of geeſe?
Why pluck his feathers out in ev'ry page,
And twiſt his neck with ſuch wild Iriſh rage;
His only crime, what oft has been your caſe,
To ſhew a little of a Janus' face?

Why bounce at N——, who but turn'd his back,
And us'd the little wit you ſeem'd to lack?
To wound your friends you take the greateſt pains,

BLESS me, what horror ſhudders through my veins!
Sure ſome foul fiend, ſome foe to manly grace,
Some evil ſpirit lurks about this place!

Nature and virtue both have ta'en th'alarm,
And warn the muſe of ſome approaching harm.
See, where it comes! the goblin draweth nigh—
'Tis ſlander's ſouleſt ſon—'tis A** R*,
A ſpirit ever active, fierce, and bold,
Hot in bad projects, but in good ones cold;
A buſy, meddling, mean, malicious elf,
Odious as diſcord, nay as vice itſelf.
E'er yet the baneful miſcreant has paſt me,
Shield me ye pow'rs! "I'll croſs it tho' it blaſt me."

—THOU blot of nature, manhood's foul diſgrace,
Why bear'ſt thou thus erect that ſerpent's face?
Creatures that with ſuch poiſons do abound,
'Twere better far ſhould crawl upon the ground.
Muſt you be foremoſt ſtill to find a fault,
And mock your betters if they chance to halt:
All ſin yourſelf to cruſh a little ſinner,
And ſink the loſer to ſupport the winner?

'Twas

'Twas not your hate to *wrong*, nor love to *right*,
That urg'd you to't—'twas cruel ranc'rous ſpite.
Thence came the pamphlet which you late ſpit forth,
Whoſe title page is foul diſeaſe and froth.
A Latin motto from your dirty hand,
Who native Engliſh ne'er could underſtand,
Is ſomething ſtrange; but ſlander's bloated lungs
Will breathe her poiſons through a thouſand tongues.
Shall none provoke you and unpuniſh'd go?
What honeſt man can dread ſo mean a foe?
The muſe provokes, her ſatire makes you ſmart,
"Truth's keen vibrations" pierce you to the heart.
Hence braggart beaſt, for man's too good a name,
Hence to your cave, nor taint the breath of fame:
Publiſh no more ſuch vile conceited ſtuff,
For noiſe and nonſenſe you are known enough.
'Tis your's to ſhine conſpicuous in the mob,
Where brib'd electors court the venal jobb,

With

With furious zeal to mount the jointed ſtool,
" Out-herod Herod," and out-fool the fool:
To bawl hoarſe clamors in the vulgar ear,
Sounds without ſenſe, to blockheads ever dear;
To ſtir up oppoſition, public ſtriſe,
The ſole delight of almoſt all your life:
Leave peace and concord to the wiſer few,
Concord and peace ne'er had a charm for you.
The calm of ſoul, the ſun-ſhine of the breaſt,
By virtue only and her ſons poſſeſt,
The wreath that binds the philoſophic brow,
Where wiſdom's rays 'midſt nature's beauties glow,
The force of reaſon, and the love that binds
The ſocial intercourſe of human minds,
Theſe could I give you! like a magic wand
The pen that galls you in the ſat'riſt's hand,
With touch divine, like bright Ithuriel's ſpear,
Should in an inſtant work a wonder here;

Should

Should do far more than flatt'ring poets can;
Should make the fiend ſtart up—and be a MAN.
Till then, away, from public feuds remove,
And brood in ſecret o'er the ſtrife you love.
Go chew this truth (for certain 'tis no lye)
Take all that's good from R——— you have a R———.

THE man that writes has ſtill enough to do;
One evil ſhuffled off, lo, here come two!
Hung round with papers, parchments, they appear,
And each a gooſe's feather in his ear.
What's he with jolly head, and vacant face,
Who, all-undaunted, hurries here apace?
Nothing aſham'd of what the muſe may ſay,
And careleſs quite, he makes his eaſy way,
With ſturdy limbs, athletic, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And carcaſe thick almoſt as it is long.
Aye, 'tis the ſame—make room there I beſeech—
He's for the concert—there TO MAKE A SPEECH.

An Orator forſooth! well, let him paſs—
If I transform him, he'll be Balaam's aſs.

Wm Slodden
Attorney at Law

BUT ſay, that YOUTH who tardy comes behind,
Whoſe bluſhes ſpeak the error of his mind,
Who, not yet loſt to pure ingenuous ſhame,
Is not yet loſt to virtue and to fame:
Say, is this he who daſtardly forſook
The plaintiff's cauſe, and the defendant's took;
Broke from his truſt to anſwer private ends,
O'erpow'r'd by int'reſt and the force of friends;
This he whoſe conſcience o'erwhelm'd his wit?
No d—n it, certainly, no, not a bit.

FOR once, young SPARK, to ſerious truths attend;
Who probes your wound to heal, is ſure your friend.
Be a good Lawyer, if a good can be,
And take good counſel—as you'd take a fee.

In

In ev'ry cauſe examine well your part,
And ne'er engage your head againſt your heart.
Maintain your character without a flaw,
Above the low chichanery of law,
To right the injur'd, or ſupport the weak,
Or proud oppreſſion's galling yoke to break,
Firm to your truſt purſue, with ſteady courſe,
And ſtrongeſt efforts, juſtice to her ſource:
Nor ſtart aſide for all the gold that ſhines,
Nor all the riches of Peruvian mines.
Diſturb no friendſhip for your private ends:
The worſt of traitors he who ſevers friends.
Foment no quarrels for the ſake of gain;
And fear to put an honeſt heart to pain.
The dirty jobbs that PETTIFOGGERS do,
Their low mean tricks be ever far from you.
And, Oh! to virtue and to nature dear,
For human mis'ry always have a tear.

Be truth your aim, bright wiſdom be your guide,
Honor your guard, and honeſty your pride.
Theſe rules obſerv'd, will make a greater man
Than COKE, or LYTTLETON, or BLACKSTONE can.

James Teal
Wine Merchant

AND now—but hold—more game appears in view,
Another culprit—here Sir, heark'e, you—
You that are honor'd with a wild fowl's name,
You that was PARTNER in the DOCTOR's game,
Though laſt, yet not leaſt notic'd ſhall you go;
No GAMESTER ever ſhall eſcape me ſo.
Though in the ſport you ſkulk'd behind the ſcreen,
Here, for the public good, you ſhall be ſeen.
For ſtill in partnerſhip muſt fools appear;
That leads the van, and *this* bring up the rear.
O tempora! O mores! this the ſong,
The woful lamentation all day long:
It ever was, and ever will be ſtill,
While men contract a partnerſhip in ill.

But

But you play'd not: you ſnug in ambuſh laid,
And ſhar'd the booty with the man that play'd;
And would have ſhar'd the loſs—it may be true,
But ſtill the worſe confederate are you.
For they that play'd may plead ſome ſmall excuſe,
And ſay, they only do it to amuſe;
But he that backs their fortune can have none,
Impell'd by ſordid avarice alone.
You to the players firſt the project brought,
And *forty guineas* paid you for the thought.
The game propos'd, the money ſhar'd by you,
It is but juſt you ſhare the ſhame on't too.

Ye pow'rs of ſong your utmoſt aid impart,
Give me for once to touch a Gameſter's heart;
His unawak'd affections to ſurpriſe,
And wet with human drops his tearleſs eyes.
But where the pathos that can melt a ſtone?
Oh, Goddeſs Nature! 'tis in thee alone.

BEHOLD the children that adorn your board,
To you they look, their father, friend, and lord;
Look for protection, and example too?
Ah, pity theſe who mourn ſuch loſs in you!
In you, who wanting to their dear regards,
Can ſit in taverns ev'ry night at CARDS;
Can ſport with fortune, and advent'rous ſtake
Sums that would make their tender boſoms ach:
Sums not your own; for ſtill they claim their ſhares,
And with them claims the partner of your cares;
Who fears for all the ills that may enſue,
And weeps, or ſmiles, as fortune favors you.
Nor is it fortune that you riſk alone,
Your fond endearments by degrees are gone;
Parental ſmiles, and interludes of joy,
With this fair girl, and that fine ſprightly boy,
Are now no more; or, which is quite as hard,
Depend entirely on a lucky CARD:

Till

Till at the laſt you find the Gameſter's curſe,
A broken temper, and an empty purſe.

THESE truths perhaps your highneſs cannot bear,
And your proud ſpirit is provok'd to SWEAR;
Swear till you burſt—till ev'ry oath reſound
From earth to heav'n, and ſhock the worlds around—
It hurts not me—or only hurts to find,
Such vices ſorted in a gen'rous mind.
Come, be a GENTLEMAN, your rage forbear,
(CHRISTIAN might ſound uncouthly in your ear)
Come, riſe ſuperior to the common fate;
GAMING and SWEARING henceforth learn to hate.
Nor ſlight the muſe that baſhful hides her name;
No dark aſſaſſin of another's fame
Though ſtern her ſtrain; and though indignant now
Her ſatire burſts upon the guilty brow—

Though

Though thus ſevere when folly turns a knave,
And wiſdom plays the fool—*ſhe ſtrikes to ſave.*
And, better pleas'd, will be the firſt to praiſe,
When virtue dawns, and vice forſakes her ways.

F I N I S.

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